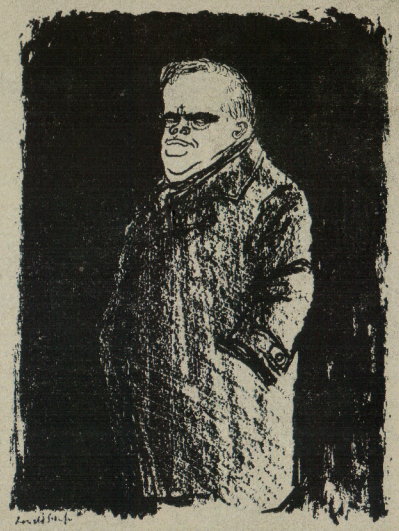
WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT



THE INVESTIGATOR

" The White House : Eisenhower is so delighted with the phonograph record on Senator M. Carthy called ' The Investigator ' that he often plays it for White House visitors."

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THE INVESTIGATOR

Illustrated by Ronald Searle

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THE INVESTIGATOR, first heard as a radio play in Canada, was recorded on tape by enthusiastic listeners and thus bootlegged into the U.S.A., where it created a sensation. Since then, the play has gone on records in the States and in England, where a recording has twice been broadcast by the B.B.C.

Reuben Ship, who now lives over here and writes for Television, is himself working on a film of the story.

The Investigator is killed in a plane crash and at the gates of Heaven waits for his interview with the Permanent Committee who will decide whether he is to stay 'Up Here' or go 'Down There.' Immediately he is allied with its members (who include Titus Oates, Torquemada and Judge Jeffreys) and learning of 'gross inefficiency' in the heavenly immigration service, at his own interview has the Gatekeeper himself removed from the Chairmanship. In no time he is seeing to the deportation of such 'subversives' as Socrates, Milton, Voltaire, Shelley and Lincoln. Only when Lucifer complains of the confusion caused by his new entries, does the Investigator go too far, subpœna-ing . . . the Chief.

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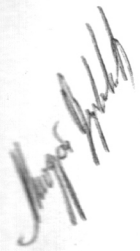
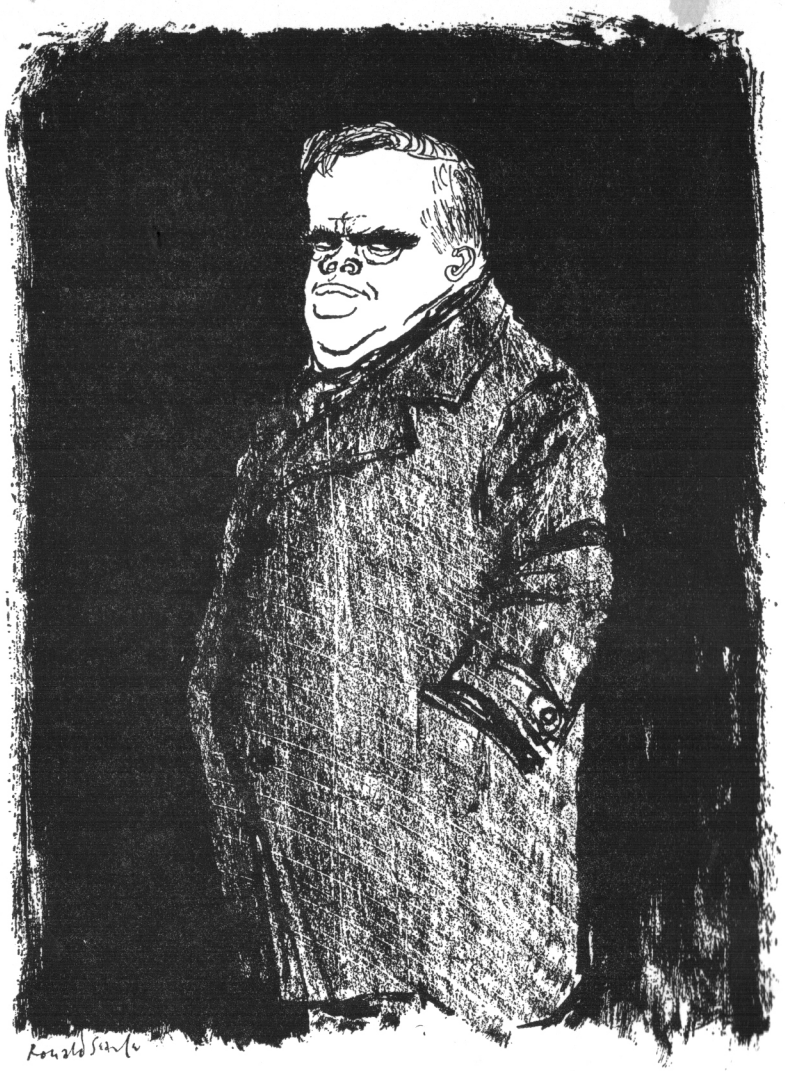


THE INVESTIGATOR



The Investigator

A NARRATIVE IN DIALOGUE

BY REUBEN SHIP

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD SEARLE

SIDGWICK AND JACKSON

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1956

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FOR
ANDREW ALLAN
AND
JOHN DRAINIE

INTRODUCTION *A short history of a long-playing record*

ON December 31, 1954, Mr. Jack Gould, the Radio and Television critic of the *New York Times*, wrote a review of an hour-long record which was on sale in some of New York's music shops. Mr. Gould informed his readers that the recording was a sixty-minute radio play – a political satire on contemporary American witch-hunters. A large cast had been used to portray the thirty or more characters in the play; an equally large orchestra had been employed to play the original musical score; and the play had been given a highly expert production. But neither the label of the record nor the recording itself made any mention of the author, the actors, the composer or the producer. Nor was any clue given as to the origin of this radio play. The record was labelled "Discuriosities" and bore only the words

The Investigator – presumably the title of the piece. Mr. Gould revealed that the reason for all this anonymity and mystery was that the recording was an unauthorized, pirated, or, to use the trade term, bootleg version of a radio play which had originally been broadcast over the national network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation six months earlier, in May, 1954. Mr. Gould was more than enthusiastic in his praise of the writing, performance and production, and, within ninety minutes after the music shops opened that morning their entire stock of *The Investigator* records had been sold out and orders for thousands more began to accumulate.

It is difficult to say whether this sudden demand was due to the almost congenital inability of Americans to resist the temptation of buying anything that is being bootlegged, or their increasing disgust with the antics of investigating committees in general, and one American investigator, in particular. I suspect the latter reason is closer

to the truth. For Mr. Gould had detected, he told his readers, a striking resemblance in vocal characteristics and attitudes between the actor who played the part of the nameless Investigator in the record and an American Senator who had achieved no small measure of fame as an Investigator in real life. Mr. Gould predicted that the record "may stir up quite a fuss on the radio, political and diplomatic fronts".

Mr. Gould was right on all counts. When the play was first broadcast in Canada its effect was little short of sensational. The switchboards of C.B.C. stations from Vancouver to Halifax were jammed with telephone calls from listeners, most of them praising the broadcast, a few of them attacking it on either political or religious grounds. Many of the calls were from puzzled listeners who naïvely believed that they had tuned in to an actual broadcast of one of the controversial Senator's inquisitions, which the major networks had been carrying, at that time, on

both television and radio. To anyone who has heard John Drainie's uncannily realistic performance as the nameless Investigator, and Andrew Allan's superb production, the bewilderment of such listeners should not come as a surprise, even though it requires a considerable degree of naivete to believe that a guy named Socrates (as the reader will shortly discover) was being investigated for alleged subversive activities. The day after the broadcast there was some fussing on the diplomatic front, as Mr. Gould said there would be. In Canada's House of Parliament, eyebrows and questions were raised. Was the broadcast in good taste? Was it in the best interests of international amity for a government owned broadcasting Corporation to produce a play which apparently ridiculed the central figure in a political controversy raging in the country of a friendly neighbouring power? The Minister responsible for Broadcasting in Canada had a difficult quarter of an hour.

However, the citizens of the friendly, neighbouring power – at least those of them who lived in the border states and had heard the play by tuning in nearby Canadian stations – were delighted with the broadcast and, far from demanding irately that American troops march immediately on Ottawa, demanded instead that their local stations repeat the broadcast. Unfortunately, these requests could not be granted because of the regulations of the Canadian musicians' and actors' unions. But shortly after the Canadian broadcast, tape recordings of the original performance began to be circulated privately in New York among people in the radio industry. No one is quite certain how the tapes got there, but soon there was a brisk, illicit trade in recordings along Madison Avenue, the centre of New York's broadcasters, some of them selling for as much as a hundred dollars a tape. Network and advertising agency executives locked themselves in their sound-proofed

offices, turned the volume control on their playback machines down low and listened, a little furtively, perhaps, but with considerable enjoyment to a radio play which most of them, regretfully, thought too controversial to ever be circulated widely in the United States. Some of the tapes reached Washington. The same pattern of secret listening was repeated there, except that in the nation's Capitol, Senators and Government officials, easily within eavesdropping distance of an investigating committee, *double*-locked their doors.

Little more would have been heard of *The Investigator* had it not been for a fortuitous combination of two factors: the acumen and initiative typical of most American business men, and the slovenly business habits typical of many writers. One of the tapes floating around New York had come into the hands of two enterprising Americans with the improbable sounding names of Colquitt and Bubbers. In less than twenty-four hours they had written to me and

asked if they could acquire the rights to reproduce the play on records. Three months later they still had not received a reply from me. It took me all that time to learn that union regulations prohibited the use of tapes of "live" broadcasts for commercial reproduction. In fact, according to the unions, there shouldn't have been any tapes around in the first place because regulations called for their destruction thirty days after broadcast. By the time I had gathered all this depressing information I had lost the letter from Colquitt and Bubbers, and proceeded to forget all about it. But I underestimated the determination of Colquitt and Bubbers to bring the recording within earshot of a large audience in the United States. So great was their desire that they decided to put out a bootleg version, reasoning that the worst that could happen to them would be a lawsuit. Happily, such a drastic measure was never necessary because they promptly legalized their act of benign piracy to

the complete satisfaction of the author and all concerned in the production of the play.

So it was that a political satire on a controversial, contemporary phenomenon of American life became, unprecedentedly, a "hot" record. The discs were snapped up by the public as fast as Colquitt and Bubbers could press the now authorized bootleg recording. But less scrupulous companies began to press their own bootleg records by the simple, if illegal, expedient of buying the record in a shop, pressing a thousand or more copies and selling them to dealers at half-price. Injunctions restraining these pirates were obtained in court, and indignant advertisements were placed in the press urging the public to buy only the *original* bootleg record. Listening to the record became a fairly popular pastime. Even Senators in Washington unlocked their doors and laughed quite openly now. A spokesman at the White House, according to the New York Times,

declined to comment on reports that President Eisenhower had heard and enjoyed the record in a private hearing. The reports described how the President summoned his Cabinet to the White House and solemnly announced that he wished them to hear something of grave national import. Then the President played the record. Another report told of a Senator who left an order with a Washington music shop for one copy of *The Investigator* to be delivered every day, for a whole month, to the home of Senator Joseph McCarthy. There have been no reports about the senior Senator from Wisconsin's response to his colleague's generous gesture.

The popularity of *The Investigator* in the United States is a gratifying sign that the American people are no more complacent about witch-hunting than their ancestors were three hundred years ago in Salem, Massachusetts. Until now, fear has temporarily immobilized them, as it did their forbears in

New England. But one of the best antidotes to the paralyzing poison of fear is laughter. I hope the reader of *The Investigator* will agree that its barbs of ridicule are not misdirected.

In the present version *The Investigator* is not, strictly speaking, a radio play, although the story is told almost entirely in dialogue. Nor has any attempt been made to turn the radio play into a novel. The published version can best be described, I think, as a narrative told in sound. It should be read with one's ears, so to speak, as well as one's eyes. And, to provide a delightful stimulus to the imagination, there are the exciting and incisively satirical illustrations of Ronald Searle.

REUBEN SHIP

THE INVESTIGATOR

The telephone rang in the hotel room on the twenty-fifth floor. The Investigator paused uncertainly in the open doorway. He let the phone ring several times before he turned back into the room and picked up the receiver.

"HELLO," he said curtly.

"Hello, this is Mike Garson. I've got to talk to you."

"Mike, my plane leaves in thirty minutes," the Investigator said impatiently.

"I'm in the lobby."

"Mike, we went all over it this afternoon."

"Just give me five minutes."

"It's no use, Mike. I'm going through with it. I thought I made that pretty clear."

"I met with the Committee after I left you."

"Oh," said the Investigator flatly.

"They asked me to see you again."

"It won't do any good. Good-bye, Mike."

"Wait, don't hang up," Garson said quickly. "Look, we can't talk over the phone. Let me come up."

"I'm leaving for the airport."

"I'll drive out there with you."

"Mike, what's the use? I told . . ." He broke off, sighing wearily. "Oh, all right. Meet me out front."

The car sped toward the airport. In the back of the Cadillac, Mike Garson spoke desperately.

"YOU'VE got to call off the hearings."

"It's too late now," the Investigator said, shaking his head. "Even if I wanted to. You saw the spread it got in the papers."

"You can dream up an excuse! You're an expert at it. A postponement – illness – anything!"

"Save your breath, Mike."

"You realize what'll happen if you get yourself out on a limb?"

"I've been out there before – way out."

"This time the committee won't go along with you."

There was the hint of a threat in Garson's voice.

"*I* run the committee," said the Investigator coldly. "It doesn't run me."

"Do you run the party too? One more error and they'll let you have it."

"You're a smart politician, Mike, but you've guessed wrong before."

"I'm not guessing. I'm warning you I'm speaking for the party now. You're going too far!"

The Investigator laughed. "I've heard that before."

"This time it isn't just some crackpot college pinko," said Garson heatedly, "or some lousy departmental assistant. This man is too big!"

"No one is too big!" the Investigator said angrily. "There is no one so high or so low" – his voice took on the monotonous nasal whine he usually reserved for statements at press conferences – "as to make him immune to investigation where there is the slightest trace of evidence that his actions or

beliefs are detrimental to the interests of this country!"

Garson sighed. "That kind of talk is all right for the press, but . . ."

"I'm not just talking, Mike," the Investigator interrupted harshly. "I mean every word. That's why I'm going ahead with this. The committee can't stop me. The party can't stop me. Nothing can stop me "

* * *

In the plane the Investigator dozed, soothed by the hum of the motors. A loud, grinding sound woke him abruptly. The hum of the motors was uneven now. The stewardess was hurrying down the aisle, waking the passengers. "Fasten your safety belts, please. Fasten your safety belts."

The loudspeaker over the door of the pilot's cabin crackled noisily for a moment, and a man's voice came over.

"Your attention, please. This is

Captain Jarvis, chief pilot speaking. It is now three hours thirty-two minutes after take-off, and we are flying at an altitude of ten thousand feet. We have developed some trouble in one of our starboard motors. We are not certain of the exact nature of the trouble, but there is no cause for alarm. I repeat, there is no cause for alarm."

There was an excited murmur from the passengers. The pilot's voice continued:

"However, we are bucking severe headwinds and having difficulty maintaining altitude. I have decided to turn back rather than continue with one motor not functioning. We regret the delay but arrangements are being made for you to board another plane upon landing. Thank you."

"Oh, miss," the Investigator called to the Stewardess, as she came down the aisle.

"Yes, sir? "

"How long will it take us to get back?"

"About four hours, sir."

"That means we'll be delayed almost eight. Possibly more. I must send a wire."

"You'll have time to do that at the terminal, sir."

"That'll be too late. I'll write out my message, and you ask the pilot to radio it back to the terminal and ask them to send it."

The Stewardess was polite but firm.

"I'm afraid that's impossible."

"You ask the pilot," the Investigator ordered brusquely.

"I'm sorry, sir. It's against all regulations. No personal messages . . . "

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," the Stewardess replied nervously, "but no exceptions can be made."

The Investigator remained silent for a moment.

"What is your name?" he demanded suddenly.

"I'm Miss Davidson."

"Miss Davidson, this message concerns an investigation I am conducting. It is of the utmost urgency."

"I don't doubt that, sir, but . . ."

"You acknowledge the importance of my message and yet you refuse to convey my request to the pilot?"

"It won't do any good, sir."

"You realize that only one interpretation can be put upon your refusal, Miss Davidson?"

"I'm very sorry, sir, but . . ."

"It seems to me that you are deliberately obstructing an official investigation that is of vital concern to every loyal citizen of this country."

"No, sir, I'm not," the Stewardess said, her voice quavering now. "But the regulations . . ."

"I'm aware that there are regulations, Miss Davidson. I'm also aware that you won't be the first individual who has hidden behind so-called regulations and used them as a device to further interests directly opposed to those of the majority of loyal citizens of our country.

Your unco-operative attitude can only cast the gravest doubts on your own loyalty, Miss Davidson."

"I'm only doing my job," the Stewardess said, almost in tears. "I'll speak to the pilot, if you wish, but . . ."

Someone screamed.

"We're on fire!" a man cried hysterically.

The plane exploded. The wings broke off, and the flaming cabin fell to the earth in a screeching dive.

The Investigator kept on walking through the fog. He could see nothing. His footsteps made no sound. Suddenly, he heard a young man's voice.

"GOOD day, sir. My name is Martin. Inspector Martin of the Immigration Service."

"Immigration?" The Investigator sounded dazed. "I don't understand. Where am I?"

"It's quite all right. You're safe now. Will you follow me, sir?"

"Where are we going?" the Investigator asked. "I don't seem to remember."

"You'll be all right in a moment. You've had a nasty shock."

"The plane!" he said, suddenly excited. "Did we crash?"

"Yes, you crashed," said Martin, in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Oh! I'm alive! I'm alive!" the Investigator said fervently. "I've got to send a wire!"

"There's no need for that now, sir. We'd better get started."

"This is very important. Where's a phone I can use?"

"There's no phone, sir."

"There must be a phone around here somewhere. What is this dump anyway? I can't see anything. It's so foggy."

"The fog will lift soon. You won't have any trouble seeing in a moment."

"How did I get here? Where are the other passengers? How many survivors were there?"

"There were no survivors, sir."

"You mean I'm the only one?" asked the Investigator incredulously.

"There were *no* survivors."

"What are you talking about?" the Investigator asked angrily. "Are you crazy? I'm here . . . I'm alive, aren't I?" He paused, then went on, his voice cold and threatening. "Come on now,

"What is this dump, anyway? I can't see anything. It's so foggy."

I want a straight answer. No double talk. You know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," Martin assured him calmly. "I know all about you."

"Well, let's have it then."

"I could tell you, sir." Martin spoke patiently. "But then you won't believe it and you'll start to argue – nearly everybody does. It would be a lot easier for you if you figure it out for yourself."

"All right, that's enough," the Investigator said. "What is your name?"

"Inspector Martin of the Immigration Service."

"All right, Martin," the Investigator began quietly. "You say you know all about me. Then you must be aware of the importance of the work I'm engaged in. In view of this, your refusal to cooperate fully, coming as it does from a government officer, can only cast grave doubts on your motives. I can assure you this incident will be investigated thoroughly. Now you'll make things a lot easier on yourself if you answer my

questions in a straightforward manner. Any attempt at evasion on your part can only lead me to infer that you have something to conceal. I'm not accustomed to being given a run-around by minor officials in the Immigration Service. Now then – I've been in a plane crash. I ask you where I am – how I got here – where the other passengers are – and you tell me there were no survivors. And you – –" He broke off abruptly.

The fog had lifted.

"Oh – I see," he said in a whisper.

"Yes." Martin's voice was gentle.

"Yes, I can see now. But I had so much to do yet." His voice was full of self-pity. "Why me? Why? All my plans . . . "

"I know how you feel, sir. Everybody feels like that at first," Martin said sympathetically. "But you'll snap out of it. You've really got nothing to feel sad about."

The Investigator remained silent.

"After all," Martin added cheerfully, "you're one of the lucky ones. You're

Up Here. Of course, you've only got a temporary visa, but I'm sure you won't have any trouble in getting a permanent visa at the Main Gate."

"The Main Gate?" the Investigator asked, surprised.

"Yes. I'm taking you there now. Just follow me, sir. I'm taking you to the Head Gatekeeper."

They came to the Main Gate. The old man behind the huge semi-circular desk on the dais greeted them sourly, in a tired, querulous voice.

"WELL, it's about time, Martin."

"Sorry I'm late, sir. I was delayed at the border."

"You're always delayed at the border, Martin. Why don't you tell these immigrants where they are right off, instead of beating around the bush? I don't see any point to it. After all, they're Up Here and not Down There. It's no tragedy."

"I've found it's better to break it gently," said Martin. "Regulations don't forbid it, and . . ."

"I know all about regulations," the Gatekeeper said irritably. "I've been

Gatekeeper for a long time. It's gross inefficiency. You young fellows think just because you've got civil service jobs you can get away with anything. When I started in the Immigration Service, we had to keep on our toes, believe me. I don't know why I stay on this job. No efficiency . . . no co-operation. I ought to hand in my resignation!" He muttered under his breath, then went on stubbornly. "But I won't. I won't give some people the satisfaction." He paused, then asked vaguely, "All right, Martin – what do you want?"

"Sir . . . I have an applicant here," Martin reminded him.

"Oh yes, yes, yes," the Gatekeeper said quickly.

"Here's the file, sir," Martin said.

"Applicant for permanent entry 578293B021," read the Gatekeeper. "Where is he?" he asked Martin. "Oh, there you are!" he continued, noticing the Investigator. "Welcome, welcome."

"My name is . . ." began the Investigator.

"Yes, yes. I know who you are – it's all down here in the record. Now if you'll just sign this . . . right here . . ."

"What is this document?" asked the Investigator.

"Standard form," the Gatekeeper said. "Application for permanent entry. Sign right here."

"There you are." The Investigator signed the document.

"Fine, fine," said the Gatekeeper. "Martin will show you to your quarters."

"This way, sir," said Martin.

"Just a minute. Why are we going this way? Isn't that the Main Gate over there?"

"Oh, you can't go through that yet," the Gatekeeper said with a laugh.

"Why not? I signed that document."

"But that's just an application. Before you can go through the Main Gate we've got to investigate you."

"Investigate *me*?"

"You'll be investigated thoroughly by the Permanent Investigating Committee on Permanent Entry. I am the Chairman."

"And what happens if I do not get a clean bill of health from this committee of yours?"

"In that case it means" – the Gatekeeper hesitated – "deportation!"

"Deportation? To where?"

"Why," said the Gatekeeper, surprised at the question, "Down There!"

There was a brief silence.

"I want to state at this time," the Investigator said most emphatically, "that I refuse to submit to any investigation by any committee whose members for all I know may be completely unqualified to pass judgment on me."

"My good sir, what are you saying? Are you questioning the integrity of my committee?"

"I make no allegations. I am making a statement on policy – a policy to which I have adhered in the past – and I see no reason to deviate from it under the present circumstances."

"But you've *got* to be investigated," the Gatekeeper insisted.

"I raise no objections to an investigation. In fact I welcome an investigation. My record is clean. I am perfectly willing to subject that record to the scrutiny of any competent body. Before I do so, however, I must be satisfied as to the competence of that body. If you will submit to me a list of the names of persons eligible to sit on this tribunal together with a list of alternate nominees, I will inform you of my approval or disapproval in each individual case, and we can then determine the composition of the committee. I am confident we can come to a mutually satisfactory arrangement."

"But, my dear sir, that's impossible. You can't select the committee that is going to investigate you. That's unheard of Up Here!"

"Well, it's not unheard of where I come from! And I fail to see why the same procedure cannot be followed Up Here. I suggest you meet with the present Committee in Executive Session and consider my proposal."

"You can't just barge in here and expect to change things overnight!"

"You're a newcomer. You can't just barge in here and expect to change things overnight."

"I am aware of that, sir," the Investigator said smoothly. "I assure you that I have no wish to disrupt the work of your committee. In all probability I shall be satisfied it is completely impartial and competent. I am merely making this request in order to provide a safeguard which will guarantee fair play and justice. I consider my proposal a perfectly reasonable one, perfectly proper. Nor am I attempting in any way to put any pressure of any kind on either your or the members of your committee. However, may I point out that your refusal to even consider it might be construed wrongly, and might lead to speculation that certain members of your committee fear that their impartiality might be challenged. I urge you to weigh the consequences of such speculation most carefully before rejecting my proposal."

The Investigator was alone in the quarters assigned to him. The men entered silently.

"MAY we enter?" an ingratiating voice asked.

"Why, certainly, certainly," said the Investigator heartily.

"Forgive the intrusion. My companions and I come unannounced, but we are here on a matter of grave import."

"Come right in. Don't stand on ceremony with me."

"My name is Oates. Titus Oates. Doctor of Philosophy. The name I trust, is not unfamiliar to you?"

"It certainly isn't. I'm very happy to meet you. This is a rare privilege. I've read about your career with great interest, Doctor Oates."

"I rather thought you might have. In a certain sense we pursued the same line of endeavour . . . as did my companions. May I present them? This gentleman to my right bears a name which, I have no doubt, will be equally familiar to you. May I present Torquemada, Inquisitor-General of the Spanish Inquisition?"

"I am honoured, sir," Torquemada said, his voice cold and austere.

"The honour is all mine. This is indeed a pleasure. I'm very happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Torquemada."

"And this," continued Oates, "is another distinguished member of our – ah – profession, so to speak – Mr. Cotton Mather, formerly of Salem, Massachusetts."

"I bid you welcome, sir," said Mather piously.

"Cotton Mather!" The Investigator was delighted. "Well! This *is* a privilege."

"And this gentleman on my left,"

Oates went on, "is the distinguished jurist, Baron George Jeffreys."

The Investigator was not impressed.

"How do you do, Judge?" he said casually.

"Your servant, sir."

Oates smiled. "I see his Lordship's name is not as familiar to you as is mine and that of Torquemada and Mather. His Lordship's fame would have been instantly known to you had I presented him to you as 'The Hanging Judge' . . . formerly of the Bloody Assizes."

"Oh, the *Hanging* Judge!" the Investigator said with enthusiasm. "This *is* a pleasure. I should have remembered the name, Judge."

"No need for apology," said Oates, smirking. "So few people do."

"The devil take you, Oates," said Jeffreys furiously. "I've had enough of your jibes. The fame of the Bloody Assizes will live long after your confounded Popish Plot will have been forgotten. Miserable little sneak! Informer!"

"You dare call me that! Butcher!"

"My friends," Torquemada said quickly. "I beg of you. Cool your tempers and curb your tongues. We shall be giving our new friend a false impression." Turning to the Investigator, he added apologetically, "They speak in jest."

"True," Oates said, "our words are of little significance."

"Up here we live in peace and brotherly love," Mather intoned.

"Quite so, quite so," Jeffreys agreed.

"Don't apologize," the Investigator said with a smile. "I understand. Happens in the best of families. You should hear what some of my pals used to call me! Well, I'm really flattered by this visit, gentlemen. I must confess, though, I'm somewhat surprised to find you boys Up Here."

"Indeed?" Torquemada said, annoyed. "May I say, sir, that we are equally surprised to find *you* Up Here."

The Investigator laughed. "You got me there. Of course, I'm not really in

yet. I understand I've got to be investigated first. I'd like to ask your advice. I raised a point with the Gatekeeper in connection with . . . "

Oates interrupted. "The committee has already met in executive session and your proposal has been rejected."

"You seem to know a great deal about it."

"That is hardly surprising, sir. We are on the committee."

"You are? Well, I'll be – well, what do you know about that! This *is* a surprise."

"We have served on it for a considerable length of time," said Torquemada.

"I wish I'd known about this before. I wouldn't have made an issue about the committee." He added casually, "Oh, I assume there won't be any obstacles to my entry?"

"None whatever, sir," Jeffreys assured him. "Your permanent entry will be granted."

"You constitute a majority of the committee?"

"Yes," Oates said. "However, we merely serve in an advisory capacity."

"The Gatekeeper makes all final decisions," said Torquemada.

"We, of course," said Mather importantly, "play no small part in influencing those decisions."

"The Gatekeeper has never, to my knowledge, used his veto," said Jeffreys.

"And you gentlemen see eye to eye on most matters?"

"On all matters," Torquemada said firmly.

"Invariably," Oates agreed.

"I find that surprising," said the Investigator. "I don't want to embarrass you, gentlemen, but it does seem peculiar to find Titus Oates, an enemy of Popery, in complete agreement with Torquemada, the distinguished founder of the Inquisition."

"Your point is well taken," said Oates. "But Up Here one's perspective changes. We rise above our differences."

"Say rather," Mather said, "that we have submerged our differences and

made common cause in the face of a treacherous and powerful enemy."

"And that enemy is . . . ?"

"Down There!"

"Hmmm. I see," the Investigator said gravely. "A foreign power!"

"Precisely," said Oates. "It is our high purpose to awaken the apathetic multitudes to the imminent danger of an attack from within by this foreign power, which has never renounced its goal of complete domination."

"We believe," Torquemada added fervently, "that purpose can best be accomplished by exposing the extent to which agents of this foreign power have infiltrated into our midst, spreading their noxious doctrine, and enlisting the aid of unsuspecting dupes in a monstrous conspiracy."

"But how have these subversive elements managed to enter?" the Investigator asked. "Have you fixed the responsibility for this shocking laxness, which, in my opinion amounts to treason? Who is responsible?"

"The Gatekeeper," said Oates.

"The Gatekeeper! This is even more serious than I thought. I assume you have some evidence of his gross derilection of duty."

"In my considered opinion," said Jeffreys, "speaking as one trained in jurisprudence, the evidence is overwhelming."

"Then why has he been permitted to remain in his present high position of trust?"

"This brings us to the purpose of our visit," Oates replied. "For some time now we have been considering ways and means of exposing the Gatekeeper and forcing his resignation. We have hesitated to do so until a man could be found to take his place. Your arrival at this time is most opportune."

"Gentleman, surely you don't mean . . .?" He stopped, overwhelmed.

Torquemada nodded. "We have discussed the matter fully. There is no doubt you are the man."

"I am honoured by your faith in

me," said the Investigator humbly. "But I am, after all, a newcomer. Surely one of you would be better qualified. You have served on the committee. You are familiar with the local political situation. You have studied the available evidence."

"That is true," Oates said. "However, one factor outweighs all other considerations. We feel that in you we have a man who can bring to the committee's work the latest inquisitorial techniques."

"In our day, it is true, we were without peers," Torquemada explained. "Since that time we understand much progress has been made. Compared to you, sir, we are mere untutored novices, and we bow to your superior knowledge and experience."

"Gentlemen, I cannot find the words to express my feelings of humble gratitude at the signal honour you are conferring upon me."

"Then you accept?" asked Jeffreys eagerly. "In that case all that remains

"Just a minute, Judge. It seems to me that this undertaking of ours is not without certain dangers . . ."

is to discuss the strategy of our little coup. We propose . . ."

"Just a minute, Judge," the Investigator broke in. "It seems to me this undertaking of ours is not without certain dangers."

"We can expect to rouse some disapproval and even active opposition, but nothing so serious that we cannot cope with it."

"I wasn't thinking of the lower levels of the administration, Judge, I was referring to . . ."

He did not go on.

"You are concerned about the Chief?" asked Oates softly.

"Frankly, yes."

"You need have no fear on that score. The Chief never interferes in the functioning of what is, after all, a routine administrative committee."

"You are certain?"

"He never has before. You see, the Chief has always devoted himself primarily to matters of cosmic significance. At the moment he is pre-occupied with

the problem of the uses of atomic energy."

"That's a problem Up Here too?"

"It has become one, lately," said Oates, "ever since certain clouds in the vicinity were discovered to be radioactive. The Chief is striving to find a solution."

"Rest assured, sir," Torquemada said, "we will have a free hand in carrying out the Committee's objectives, provided of course we do not overstep legal boundaries."

The Investigator nodded in agreement. "It has always been my practice to conduct my investigations within the framework of existing laws, and with the strictest regard for the principles of fair play and justice. I shall continue to do so."

"Then you are with us?" asked Oates.

The Investigator took a deep breath before speaking. "In all humility I dedicate myself to the task of bringing to light the facts of this monstrous conspiracy that threatens our way of

life Up Here, I shall pursue this objective, relentlessly, disregarding all attempts at intimidation by persons in high places who may be implicated by these facts; and I shall not cease until I have fixed the blame for a thousand years of treason!"

In the hearing chamber, just outside the Main Gate, the gavel was banged repeatedly on the Gatekeeper's desk until the noisy crowd became quiet.

"THE committee will come to order," the Gatekeeper said. "Let the record show that a full quorum of the committee is present. We have before us an application for permanent entry – 578293B021. Is the applicant ready?"

"I am ready," said the Investigator.

The Gatekeeper continued:

"There are a number of rules . . ."

"Mr. Chairman," the Investigator interrupted.

". . . governing the conduct . . ."

"Mr. Chairman."

". . . of these hearings. . ."

"Mr. Chairman."

". . . It is our purpose . . ."

"Mr. Chairman."

". . . on this committee . . ."

"Mr. Chairman," he repeated in the same monotonous tone. "On a point of order. . . ."

"Sir," said the Gatekeeper, "I was about to inform you of the rules."

"Sir – I believe my point of order takes precedence."

"As I understand it," the Gatekeeper explained patiently, "a point of order is usually raised in connection with procedure. Since I have not yet informed you of the rules of these hearings, I fail to see how a point of order is . . ."

"Mr. Chairman," the Investigator said wearily, "my point of order is not raised in connection with rules of procedure. It goes much deeper than that. It is pertinent in that it goes to the very heart of the matter . . . the competency of this committee to conduct an investigation."

"Sir, you have raised . . ."

"Please do not interrupt," the Investigator said sharply.

"But the committee has already considered your proposal . . . "

"Mr. Chairman, I must insist that I be allowed to finish my point of order without interruption from the chair."

"Oh, very well," said the Gatekeeper petulantly.

"It is true," the Investigator admitted, "that I raised certain objections concerning the composition of this committee. These were of a general nature. To-day I am prepared to bring more specific charges concerning the fitness of a certain member of this committee to sit in judgment upon me or any applicant."

"This is a very serious charge," the Gatekeeper said, banging his gavel to silence the outburst of excited comment from the crowd.

"Mr. Chairman," the Investigator said, with the faintest suggestion of a smirk, "may I suggest you ask me

against whom these charges are being preferred?"

"Ah – yes, yes," the Gatekeeper said, confused. "I was about to do so. Against whom are you preferring these charges?"

"I bring these charges which, if proven – and I have no doubt that they will be fully substantiated – in which event the member of the committee who has been found to be derelict in his duty should be removed from this committee. I think you will agree to that, Mr. Chairman?"

"Certainly. Any member who has been proven to be unfit to serve on this committee will not be allowed to continue to sit upon it. But will you please state against whom you are bringing these charges?"

"Against the chairman of this committee – the Gatekeeper!"

"You charge *me* with unfitness?" The Gatekeeper stammered in his excitement. "Why, that is – that is – that is preposterous!"

"Mr. Chairman," said the Investigator, "Mr. Chairman . . ."

"It's ridiculous!"

"Mr. Chairman . . ."

"It's completely out of order"

"Mr. Chairman . . ."

"The applicant will be seated . . ."

"Mr. Chairman . . ."

". . . and the hearing in his case will proceed"

"Mr. Chairman . . ."

"You are out of order," the Gatekeeper shouted, banging his gavel again.

"Mr. Chairman . . ."

"You are out of order!"

"Mr. Chairman," the Investigator persisted calmly, "I cannot accept that ruling. You stated just now, did you not, that any member of the committee who is proven to be unfit will be removed?"

"Yes, I did. However . . ."

"Your statement carried the clear implication that charges of such a nature, in order to be proven or disproven, must first be fully heard."

"Yes, in the sense that . . ."

"And yet when you learn that these charges are directed against yourself, you refuse arbitrarily to even hear these charges. Now I ask you, sir . . . was your first statement a true statement of the position of this committee with respect to the airing of charges of unfitness in connection with any member and his consequent removal from this committee in the event such charges were found to be true; and if it is true, then is your second statement to the effect that I am out of order in preferring charges against you consistent with the first statement alluded to or did you mean in your earlier statement to exclude yourself from the category of members against whom charges can be preferred? And if that was the meaning of the statement upon what precedent do you base such a flagrantly improper ruling?"

"Well, I - I - I don't follow your question."

"Now, come," said the Investigator, as if to a child. "You know that's a

perfectly simple question. Is your statement true – the statement that proven charges of unfitness would result in removal of the member concerned?"

"The first statement?" asked the Gatekeeper in bewilderment.

"Or were you lying?"

"How dare you accuse me of lying!"

"Then it *was* true?"

"It most certainly was."

"Then how do you reconcile it with your present position?"

"I merely stated . . . "

"You must realize that it cannot be reconciled unless, of course, you were deliberately creating a false impression."

"I deny that! I was stating the truth."

"I am glad to hear you so positive about it. If, as you say, you were telling the truth then you do not, in fact, you cannot refuse to consider charges against *any* member of this committee including yourself."

"Well, that would seem to be . . . "

"I am not asking you what it *seems* to be. I am asking you to state the position

of the chair. Are you refusing now to allow me to air these charges?"

"No, no . . . of course not . . . that would not be consistent . . . I concede that. But I am objecting on grounds of proper procedure. I am the chairman of this committee. You now propose to investigate me. Clearly as long as I am in the chair it would be most improper . . ."

"I agree completely."

"Mr. Chairman," said Oates suddenly.

"Yes, Doctor Oates ? "

"May I suggest that the matter would be expedited and the interests of propriety best served if you were to relinquish the chair temporarily while these charges are placed before the committee? Would this be satisfactory to the applicant?"

"I have no objection whatsoever," said the Investigator.

"Well . . . it's completely without precedent," said the Gatekeeper doubtfully. "However, if it will expedite

matters . . . Doctor Oates, will you take the chair?"

"I shall consider it a privilege."

"It's most unusual," the Gatekeeper mumbled, as he relinquished his chair to Oates. "Most unusual."

"You may proceed with your charges," Oates said.

"I wish to call as my first witness – Inspector Martin of the Immigration Service."

"Is Inspector Martin present?" asked Oates.

"I am, sir."

"You may proceed with your examination of the witness."

"Inspector Martin," the Investigator began pleasantly, "I have just a few questions. I'm sure you can answer them quite easily. Were you the officer who conducted me to the Gatekeeper's office yesterday?"

"I was."

"Were you present throughout the interview?"

"I was."

"Isn't it a fact that the Gatekeeper stated at that time that there was gross inefficiency in the Immigration Service?"

"Well," – Martin hesitated – "what he meant – "

"I am not asking you what he meant. Confine yourself to facts. Is it a fact that he said there was gross inefficiency?"

"Well, yes he did, but . . ."

"Those were his exact words? Gross inefficiency."

"He did use those words but . . ."

"In reference to the Immigration Service of which he is the head?"

"Yes, but if I may say so . . ."

"There is no need for statements. Confine yourself to answering my questions. Now then. Did he also make a statement at that time to the effect that the way things were going in the Immigration Service *you can get away with anything* nowadays?"

"I think he said something like that."

"You think? Isn't it a fact that those were his exact words . . . 'you can get away with anything'?"

"Well, he may have . . . "

"Come now, you're hedging, Martin. Did he say it or didn't he? Yes or no?"

"Yes, he used those words," Martin admitted reluctantly.

"Did he also make a statement to the effect that his memory is not what it used to be, that he feels unable to cope with the disorganized state of the Immigration Service, and that he felt he should hand in his resignation? Is that true?"

"Well, that's true to an extent." Martin was uneasy.

"To what extent? He complained about the disorganization in the Service?"

"Yes."

"And he made a statement about handing in his resignation?"

"Yes – he did."

"Then your answer to my previous

question which was . . . 'that's true to an extent' – was not a completely truthful answer?"

"Well, if you want to put it that way . . . "

"I *am* putting it that way. Your answer to my question as to what extent the statement I attributed to the Gatekeeper is true – should have been that it is *entirely* true."

"Well, I suppose it should have been."

"Then you were lying!"

"No sir. I was not lying."

"Not deliberately, Inspector," the Investigator said reassuringly. "Let us say you were confused." He smiled tolerantly.

"Yes, I suppose I was," Martin said uncomfortably.

"On reconsidering the question then – and take all the time you want before you answer – you would say that it is entirely and completely true that the Gatekeeper made all the statements attributed to him." The Investigator

paused a moment. "Please answer the question."

"Yes, yes, yes," Martin said hurriedly, anxious to get it over with. "It is entirely true."

* * *

"Sir, you have heard the testimony of the previous witness?" the Investigator asked the Gatekeeper.

"Yes."

"Was his testimony true?"

"Well, I want to be fair to Inspector Martin. . . ."

"I think up till now we have all been so."

"I would say that his testimony is true in so far as the actual words I used. However, the intent . . ."

"I think the committee can draw its own conclusions as to the intent."

"That may be, sir. But the point is . . ."

"The point is that you actually used those words."

"Well, yes, I must say I did. However . . ."

"Very well then. If, as you admit, your department is grossly inefficient . . ."

"But I do not admit . . ." the Gatekeeper said angrily.

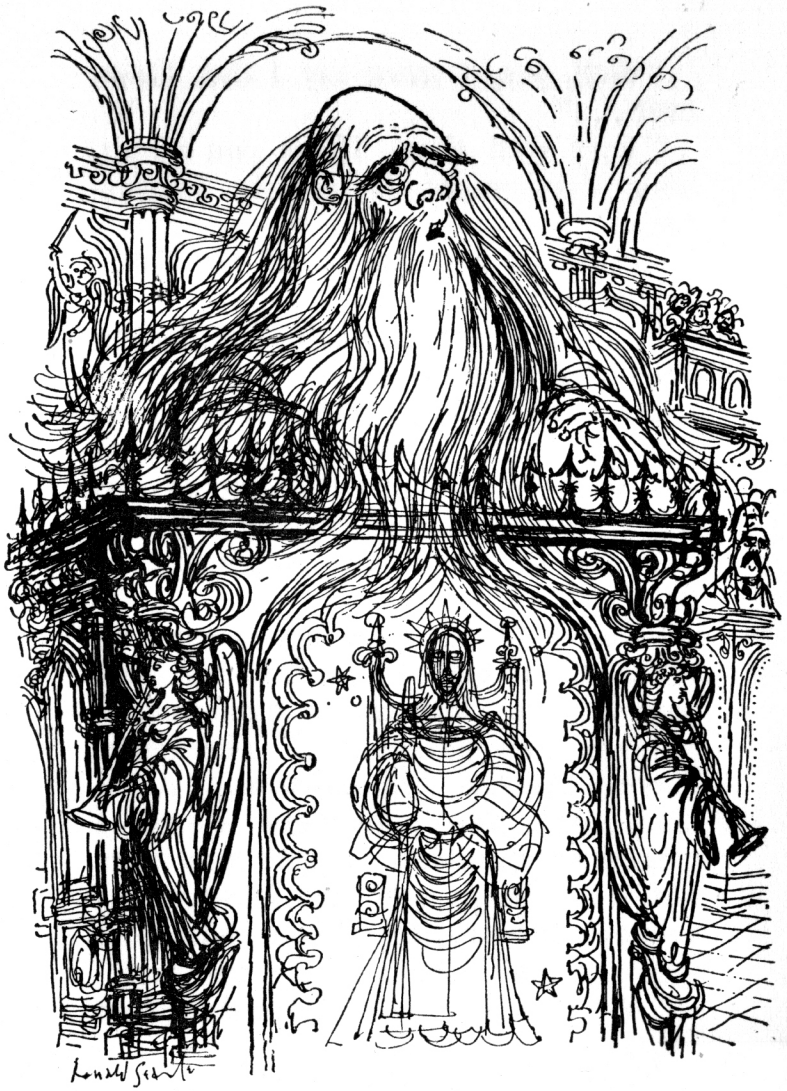
". . . is it not possible that certain subversive individuals," the Investigator continued, ignoring the Gatekeeper, "have managed to infiltrate Up Here by taking advantage of this laxness and gaining permanent entry?"

"That is absolutely impossible. I deny it!"

"You deny they have gained entry by taking advantage of your laxness? How then did these subversives gain entry?"

"Well they got in . . ." The Gatekeeper checked himself abruptly. "I deny that any subversive elements gained entry at all. I never said they did. The charge is absurd. No one has ever gained entry here undeservedly. The committee will bear witness to that fact."

"My charge is not directed against



"I deny that any subversive elements gained entry at all."

present members of the committee. This criminal infiltration occurred before they became members of this committee. In any event you have the final responsibility for granting permanent visas."

"Well, yes . . ."

"And if certain undesirable elements have infiltrated here you admit the responsibility would be yours and yours alone?"

"Yes, it would. But I again deny that such a thing is possible. Every applicant must undergo the usual routine investigation."

"Routine!" The Investigator's voice became an angry whine. "Don't you think the applications of heretics, dissenters, rebels – many of them with prison records – should have been given more than routine consideration?"

"Sir, I . . ."

"Don't you think you should have exercised the most careful vigilance in cases of this kind?"

"Sir . . ."

"That you should have subjected such individuals to the most intensive scrutiny? "

"All our investigations follow the standard pattern. That is what I meant by routine."

"In other words, you admit that cases of individuals most likely to be subversive Up Here were investigated with no more thoroughness than you would use in the case, say, of an applicant whose record was without a blemish."

"I did not consider it necessary."

"What was your motive in coddling known subversives?"

"There was no evidence that any of them were subversive."

"But you have admitted their investigation was cursory. Do you deny the possibility that a more complete investigation would have brought forth facts which would have possibly exposed their affiliations with a foreign power? Do you deny that possibility?"

"How can I answer – " the Gatekeeper said helplessly.

"Do you deny that possibility?"

"I cannot answer such a question. No one can."

"Then you do not deny such a possibility."

"Obviously I cannot deny it. I neither deny it nor affirm it."

"Can you deny it?" the Investigator insisted.

"No matter how many times you ask me that question my answer must be that . . ."

"Mr. Chairman, the witness is not being responsive. I ask that the chair direct him to answer the question."

"I must protest, Mr. Chairman," the Gatekeeper appealed to Oates. "The nature of the question . . ."

"In the opinion of the chair the question is a proper one. Witness is directed to answer."

"Can you deny such a possibility? " the Investigator began again.

"I neither deny nor admit it," the Gatekeeper said wearily.

"But you do not deny it? "

"No, I do not deny it," the Gatekeeper said in a faint voice.

"Mr. Chairman, members of the committee. In view of the admission of gross inefficiency by the Gatekeeper – in view of the fact that he cannot deny there is a possibility that subversive persons likely to be agents of a foreign power, by taking advantage of the Gatekeeper's laxness, if indeed it is mere laxness and not a deliberate and treasonable coddling of such persons . . . have succeeded in infiltrating Up Here for the purpose of undermining our way of life . . . in view of these facts this committee has no alternative but to re-open for complete and thorough investigation a number of cases, specifically I have in mind such known subversives as . . ."

"I protest!" the Gatekeeper shouted. "This is a deliberate attempt to discredit the Immigration Service. I insist that we proceed with the regular business of the committee immediately."

"May I remind the Gatekeeper that

he has temporarily relinquished the chair?" the Investigator said mildly.

"Mr. Chairman I appeal to you. How much longer are the members of this committee going to tolerate these disruptive tactics?"

Oates pounded his gavel. "The chair agrees that this committee has no alternative but to re-open a number of cases in order to determine the truth of the allegations which have been made. It therefore rules . . . "

"I will not be a party to any such undertaking! I will resign first!" the Gatekeeper protested.

"If the Gatekeeper feels that this is the only honourable course open to him . . ." Oates smiled.

"That is exactly how I feel. I am resigning . . . do you hear? I resign . . . I resign!"

* * *

"The committee will come to order," said the Investigator. "Let the record

show that a full quorum is present. This is the first open session of this committee under my chairmanship and I wish to announce that hearings on new applications will be suspended temporarily in order to enable the committee to re-open for investigation a number of cases in which permanent entry has been granted and where we have reason to believe there is evidence of disloyalty, actual or potential. Mr. Oates, who is our first witness?"

"Socrates."

THE TESTIMONY OF SOCRATES

"PLEASE state your full name for the record."

"I am called Socrates."

"Mr. Socrates, what is your occupation?"

"Philosopher."

"Mr. Socrates, this committee has heard certain testimony in closed session concerning your activities. An accusation has been made against you to this effect: that Socrates is an evildoer, and a curious person, who searches into things under the earth and in heaven and he makes the worse appear the better cause. Do you care to deny that statement?"

"While I have the life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy exhorting anyone I meet after my manner and convincing him saying . . ."

"Witness is not being responsive to the question," Torquemada interrupted.

"Mr. Chairman I request that he be ordered to answer yes or no."

"Witness will answer the question. Is this accusation true and if so, are you still engaged in these subversive activities."

"I do nothing but go about persuading you, young and old alike not to take thought for your persons and your properties but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that virtue is not given by money but that from virtue come money and every other good of man, public as well as private. This is my teaching and if this is the doctrine which corrupts the youth, my influence is ruinous indeed. But if anyone says that this is not my teaching he is speaking an untruth."

"Come on, now, Socrates, don't hand me that. You know that's not an answer to my question. I must warn you that unless you're responsive to the question – a perfectly simple question that can be answered yes or no – the

committee can draw only one inference."

"Acquit me or not, but whatever you do, know that I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times."

"Mr. Socrates, your failure to clear yourself of the charge of subversion although given a fair opportunity to do so, can leave no doubt in the minds of the members of this committee that granting you permanent entry was a serious mistake. Any questions, Mr. Oates?"

"No questions."

"Mr. Torquemada?"

"No questions."

"Judge Jeffreys?"

"No questions."

"Mr. Mather?"

"No questions."

"Mr. Socrates, it is the ruling of this committee that pursuant to Section 28a Article 4b Paragraph 2 of the Internal Security Regulations you be handed over to an officer of the

Immigration Service for the purpose of deportation from Up Here to Down There ! "

* * *

"Is the next witness ready, Mr. Oates?"

"He is."

THE TESTIMONY OF KARL MARX

"PLEASE state your full name."

"My name is Karl Marx," the witness said meekly, speaking with a German accent.

"Mr. Marx, I hand you a pamphlet written by one Karl Marx. Now you wrote this pamphlet, didn't you, Marx?"

"Oh no."

"You deny that you wrote this pamphlet?"

"I did not write it."

"Now come, Marx. You know that won't get you anywhere here. We know you wrote this. There's no use denying it."

"No, no, I didn't write . . . I am not a writer."

"You say you're not a writer – but you *are* Karl Marx?"

"Yes, but I am Karl Marx, the watchmaker."

"Just a moment." The Investigator whispered something to Oates, then

turned to the witness. "Mr. Marx, there seems to be some confusion as to whether or not the committee has subpœnaed the right Karl Marx. The witness is excused for the time being. Do not leave the hearing room. Mr. Oates, do you have another witness?"

"We do."

"All right."

THE TESTIMONY OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

"PLEASE state your full name."

"Thomas Jefferson."

"Your occupation?"

"President."

"Did you engage in any other occupation, Mr. Jefferson?"

"I was a gentleman farmer."

"I am not referring to that. Is it not a fact that you were an active revolutionary?"

"Mr. Chairman . . ."

"That in fact you were one of the leaders of a movement which had as its aim the overthrow of established government by force and violence?"

"Mr. Chairman. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another . . ."

"Come on now, Tom, you know you're stalling. Just answer the question. You don't have to make a

speech. Now let's not beat around the bush."

"Mr. Chairman, perhaps if you made the question more specific?" suggested Oates helpfully. "We all want to be fair to Mr. Jefferson."

"Your point is well taken, Mr. Oates . . . Mr. Jefferson, I hand you a statement purported to have been made by you in a letter to a Mr. William Stevens Smith. Will you read it aloud please?"

Jefferson read from the paper that was handed to him.

"What country before ever existed a century and a half without rebellion? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure."

"Did you or did you not make that statement? And if you did do you still subscribe to those views?"

"If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this Union let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be

tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

"Who are you trying to kid, Tom?" the Investigator said smiling. He continued earnestly. "I've asked you a simple question. Why don't you cooperate with this committee? Are you opposed to the work of this committee? Don't you think this committee has a right to expose subversives like this Socrates? Now where do *you* stand, Tom?"

"It behoves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself, to resist invasions of it in the case of others; or their case may, by change of circumstances, become his own. It behoves him, too, in his own case, to give no example of concession, betraying the common right of independent opinion, by answering questions of faith, which the laws have left between God and himself."

"I think it's a waste of time to question this witness any further," the Investigator said with distaste,

"unless the committee has some questions?"

"No questions . . . no questions," the committee members murmured.

"Mr. Jefferson, it is the ruling of this committee that pursuant to Section 28a Article 4b Paragraph 2 of the Internal Security regulations that you be handed over to an officer of the Immigration Service for the purpose of deportation from Up Here to Down There."

* * *

"Who is the next witness, Mr. Oates?"

"Karl Marx."

"Is it the *right* Karl Marx this time?" the Investigator asked with some sarcasm.

"We believe it is," Oates replied.

THE TESTIMONY OF KARL MARX

"YOUR name is Karl Marx?"

"Yah," said Karl Marx meekly, speaking with a German accent.

"I hand you this pamphlet and ask you if you are the author."

"Oh no!"

"You deny it?"

"I am not a writer."

"But you *are* Karl Marx?"

"Yah. But I am Karl Marx the piano tuner."

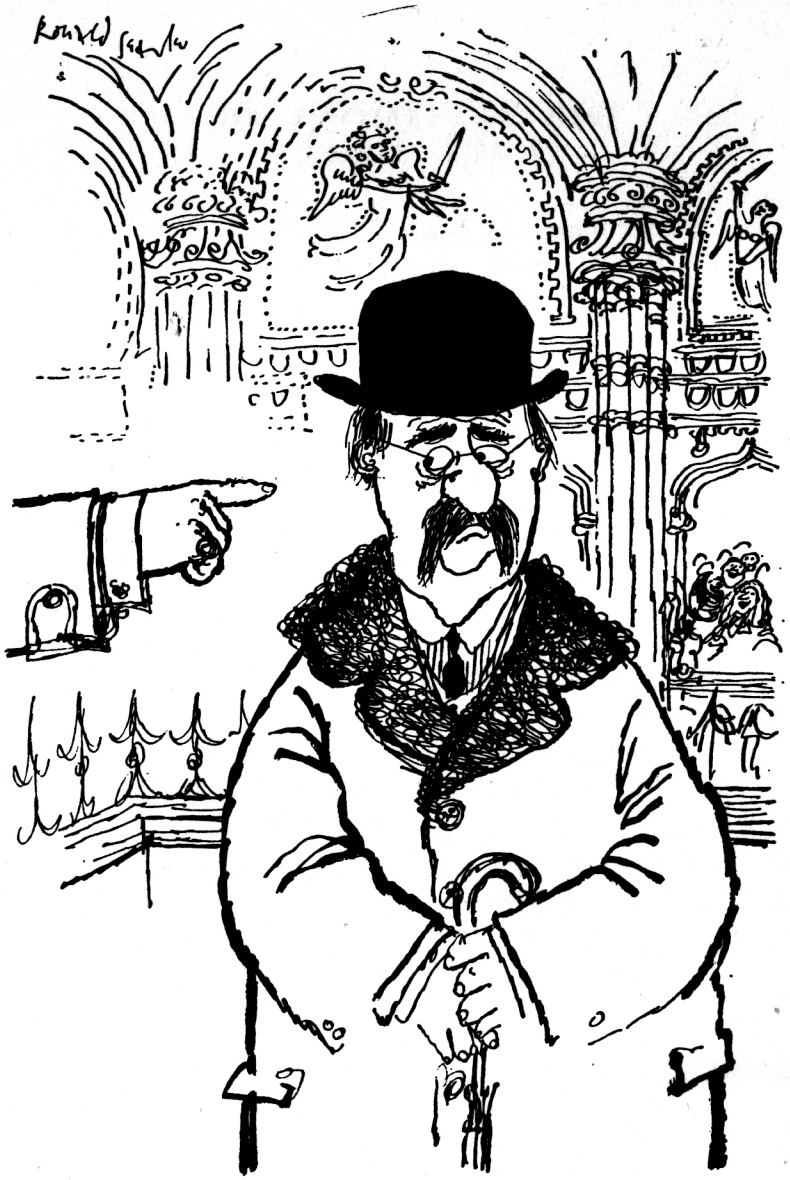
"There's obviously a misunderstanding here. Witness is excused temporarily."

"Thank you."

"Mr. Oates," said the Investigator irritably, "let's try to have this cleared up before our next session. Do you have another witness?"

"Yes, we do."

"Then we'll proceed.



"Your name is Karl Marx?"

THE TESTIMONY OF JOHN MILTON

"PLEASE state your full name."

"John Milton."

"Occupation?"

"Poet."

"Have you ever engaged in any other activity, Mr. Milton?"

"For a short time I was Latin secretary to the Lord General Cromwell."

"I don't think that's quite accurate, Mr. Milton. Would it not be more accurate to say that you were one of the chief propagandists for a man who led a bloody revolution and later became a ruthless dictator? Is that not a fact, Mr. Milton? That was your chief activity. Not poetry. Poetry was a sideline, wasn't it? You wrote political pamphlets, didn't you?"

"I did but prompt the age to quit
their clogs
By the known rules of ancient
liberty

When straight a barbarous noise
environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes
and dogs."

"Strike that from the record! You won't get anywhere, Milton, by insulting the members of this committee. Now we're giving you an opportunity to clear yourself." His tone became coaxing. "Why don't you play ball with us, John? Why are you trying to protect this two-bit General? A man who was a disgrace to his uniform. Now, if you wrote these pamphlets on Cromwell's order, we can understand that. We understand you had some personal difficulties with Mrs. Milton. You probably needed the money. We don't wish to pry into your personal affairs, John. This isn't one of those Star Chambers like they used to have in your time. Just tell us where you stand in your own words."

"Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely, according to conscience above all liberties. And

though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple. Whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensing, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps."

"Well, there's no doubt where *you* stand, Milton."

The other members of the committee murmured assent.

"He's saying the same thing this Jefferson fellow said," Jeffreys remarked pompously. "All these fellows says the same thing."

"Naturally they say the same things," the Investigator said impatiently.

"They're part of the same conspiracy . . . John Milton it is the ruling of this Committee that pursuant to Section 28a Article 4b Paragraph 2 of the Internal Security regulations that you be handed over to an officer of the Immigration Service for the purpose of deportation from Up Here to Down There."

* * *

"Who is the next witness, Mr. Oates?'

"Karl Marx."

"Well, let's hope we've got the right one this time."

THE TESTIMONY OF KARL MARX

"YOUR name is Karl Marx?"

"Yah," said Karl Marx meekly, speaking with a German accent.

"I hand you this pamphlet and ask you if that is your name on the title page."

"Yah, that is my name . . . Karl Marx."

"Then you are *the* Karl Marx." His voice rang with triumph. "You are the man who wrote this ! "

"Oh no, no," Karl Marx said, horrified.

"You have just admitted that your name is on this pamphlet." said the Investigator accusingly. "Do you now deny that statement?"

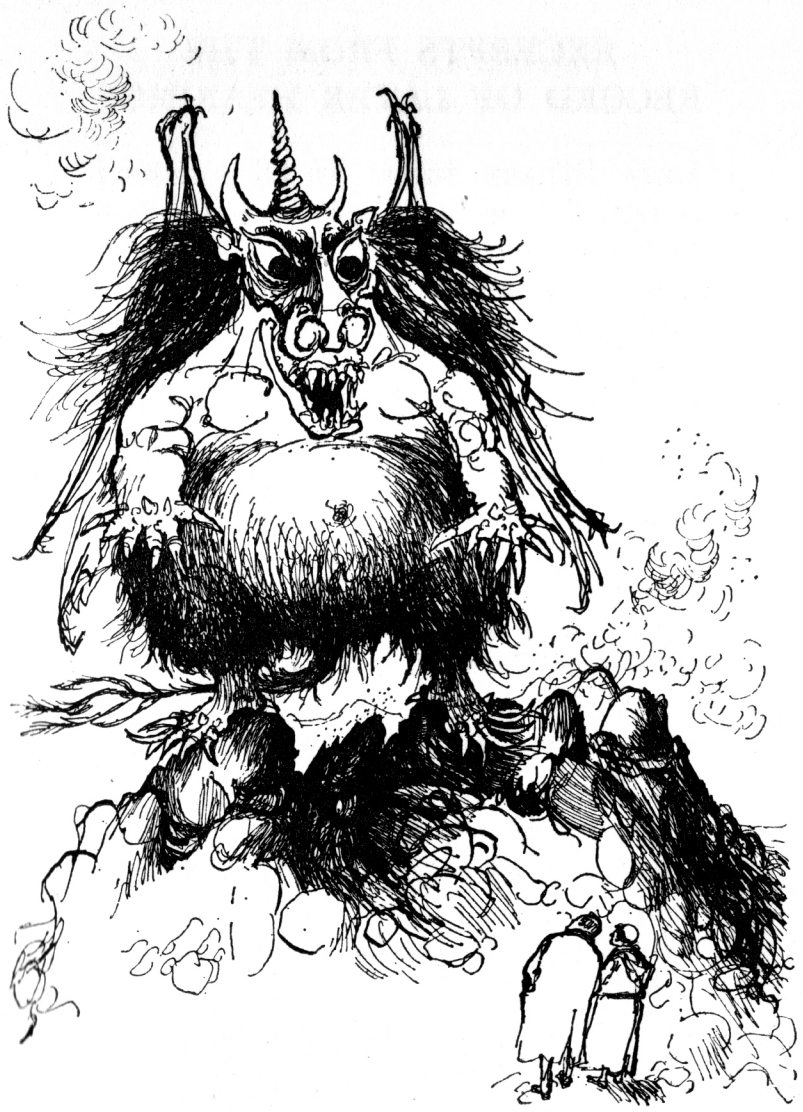
"Oh, no; that is my name there . . . Karl Marx. But I am not a writer. I am Karl Marx . . . the pastry chef."

"Pastry chef? Now just a minute. This is going too far! One of you Karl Marxes is lying!"

"Oh no . . . no . . . no," cried the three Marxes in unison.

"Just a moment," said the Investigator. Again, he conferred in a whisper with the other committee members.

"There is some doubt in the minds of the members of the committee," he announced, "as to whether we have the real Karl Marx here. The committee wishes to be fair. We don't want innocent people to suffer. However security is the paramount issue. It is therefore the ruling of this committee that ALL persons by the name of Karl Marx be deported from Up Here to Down There pursuant to Section 28a, Article 4b, Paragraph 2 of the Internal Security Regulations."



EXCERPTS FROM THE RECORD OF LATER HEARINGS

JOHN STUART MILL: If all mankind minus one were of one opinion and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavouring to stifle is false opinion; and if we were sure, stifling it would still be evil.
CHAIRMAN: It is the ruling of this committee that pursuant to Section 28a Article 4b Paragraph 2 . . .

* * *

FRANCOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE: Liberty of thought is the life of the soul
CHAIRMAN: It is the ruling of this committee . . .

MARTIN LUTHER: It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I . . . I cannot do otherwise.
CHAIRMAN: It is the ruling of this committee . . .

* * *

PARTIAL LIST OF DEPORTED PERSONS
(from the record)

Baruch Spinoza.
Thomas Paine.
Guiseppe Garibaldi.
Victor Hugo.
Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

"Good morning, Ludwig," Wagner said when he came in.
"Good morning, Wagner."
"And how are you this morning, Johann Sebastian?"
"Quite well, thank you." He lowered

his voice to a whisper. "Have you heard what happened yesterday at the investi – –"

"Please, Johann, no politics," Wagner interrupted hastily. "Our little club is devoted solely to music. Shall we try the new quartette?"

"But Chopin is not here yet," said Beethoven.

"Yes – ah – I know. I'm afraid he will not be coming here any more."

"Why not?" asked Beethoven.

"I have taken the liberty to ask him to resign."

"How could you do such a thing, Richard? We have played with Frederic for ages."

"Yes, yes. I hated doing it. He is a fine musician, a great talent. But we must be realistic. There have been certain rumours about Frederic. I don't believe them of course . . . but in his youth he had certain political tendencies. And even some of the titles of his compositions . . . like the Revolutionary Etude! Well, I thought it would be

safer not to be associated . . . you know . . . just until this blows over. Now, the Quartette."

"How can we play the quartette? There are only three of us."

"I have invited someone to take Chopin's place. A fine pianist . . . a great musician."

"Who? Liszt?" asked Bach.

"No, no" Wagner said, horrified. "He was a friend of Chopin."

"Schubert?"

"Oh no! He was a friend of Liszt."

"Then whom did you invite?"

"Otto Schmink!"

"Otto Schmink?"

"I have never heard of him," said Beethoven.

"That is exactly why I have chosen him. *No one* has ever heard of him!"

* * *

"Pardon me, sir. That door is locked,' the guard said.

"But this is my laboratory. It has

never been locked before," the old man said.

"Sorry sir, orders."

"But I am engaged in important research."

"My orders are that you are to be refused admittance."

"Why?"

"You are a security risk . . . I'm sorry, Mr. Galileo."

"But my research project . . ."

"That has been taken over by someone else.'"

"Taken over? By whom?"

"Professor Schmink ! "

* * *

The audience listened attentively as the poet read:

"O blithe newcomer! I have heard
I hear thee and rejoice
O Cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

The poet bowed, acknowledging the enthusiastic applause.

"May I express our gratitude to you, Mr. Wordsworth," said Tennyson, "for gracing our Poet's Circle to-night. . . . And now, we are privileged to hear some new poems by the author, Percy Bysshe Shelley, one of our most distinguished and . . ."

"Psst, psst." Coleridge tried to catch Tennyson's attention. "No, no!"

"Your pardon," Tennyson said to the audience. "One moment." Then inclining his head slightly he asked in an undertone, "Yes, what is it, Coleridge?"

"Haven't they told you about Shelley?" He mumbled something indistinctly, his mouth close to Tennyson's ear.

"No! Dear me!" Tennyson said in dismay. "You don't say! I didn't know . . . no one told me . . . yes, yes, of course. I see the necessity." He coughed nervously and addressed the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen. I regret to announce that Mr. Shelley will not be with us to-night . . . ah . . . in fact, Mr.

Shelley has been dropped from membership in the Poet's Circle. May I also say at this time that any opinions expressed by Mr. Shelley in the course of his association with our Circle did not reflect the views of the other members." He coughed again. "Now then, to continue . . . in Mr. Shelley's place we shall hear a newcomer to our circle . . . the distinguished and inspired poet, Mr. Otto Schmink!"

* * *

PARTIAL LIST OF DEPORTED PERSONS (CONTINUED)

Galileo.
Percy Bysshe Shelley.
Frederic Chopin.
Ludwig Van Beethoven.
Johann Sebastian Bach.
Richard Wagner.

AND
Otto Schmink.

"Is that you, Oates?" the Investigator said.

"Yes."

"Well, come in, come in."

"I must talk to you," Oates said nervously.

"I've been going over the list of to-morrow's witnesses," said the Investigator. "Small potatoes. Can't we jazz the hearing up with a few names? I don't want them to think we're scraping the bottom of the barrel."

"That can wait."

"What's the matter with you, Oates," the Investigator asked sharply. "You

don't seem to be yourself. What's wrong?"

"There is someone you must see.'

"Who?"

"I . . . ah . . . I'd rather not mention any names." Oates sounded frightened.

The Investigator smiled. "Mystery witness, eh? All right bring him in."

"No, you must go to him."

"What? Are you kidding?"

"I assure you, the matter is most urgent."

"All right, I'll take your word for it. This guy better be important."

"Believe me, he is. . . . Come, I will take you to him . . . just outside the Main Gate."

"Outside? You mean he's an applicant? A newcomer?"

"No. That is . . ." Oates hesitated.

"Then why can't we meet inside?"

"We can't. Please don't ask any more questions. I can't talk about it Up Here. Come!"

* * *

"How much farther, Oates?"

"Any moment, now."

"Why is it so damned dark?"

"Don't use that word!"

"I didn't know you were so sensitive, Oates."

"All right . . . stop here."

"I can't see a thing."

"It's just as well," Oates whispered.

The Voice, harsh and grating, leaped out of the darkness. "You're late, Oates. You know I don't like to be kept waiting, you stupid oaf!"

"Now just a minute," the Investigator said belligerently, "just a minute here. Mr. Oates is a member of my staff and I will not have a member of my staff spoken to in that fashion. Now, who are you – what is your name?"

The answer was a burst of malevolent laughter.

"Oh – I see," said the Investigator in a subdued tone. Then, out of the corner of his mouth, "Oates, we must watch what we say. How do we know this conversation isn't being recorded?"

"You have my word of honour," said

the Voice, "as one gentleman to another."

"What do you want?"

"You must stop these investigations"

"Are you giving me orders? Apparently you have some hold over Oates, but you're not running my committee. If you think you can put pressure on me . . . "

"Stop this orgy of deportation! Stop sending those crackpot reformers Down There!"

"I will make no deals. The investigations will continue."

"But you don't know what's been going on! Jefferson and Milton are calling for a Congress; Martin Luther and John Stuart Mill are making speeches about the Rights of the Damned; Cromwell and Tom Paine have recruited a Lost Souls Militia; that madman, Socrates, keeps asking me if I know what virtue is. Me!" The Voice was full of outrage. "And that lunatic, Karl Marx . . ."

"Which Karl Marx?" the Investigator asked hopefully.

"How should I know? There are hundreds of them – all over the place! Remember those pamphlets you handed them at their hearings? They took them with them when they got deported. They printed thousands of copies. You know what their slogan is? 'Workers of the Underworld, Unite – you have nowhere to go but Up!' Now they've gone and organized a union! And they have the gall to want me to negotiate with them. Before I do that I'll see them in . . . ah-h " He exhaled noisily. His voice became pleading. "I can't cope with it! Stop the investigations. You're bungling it. There are ways of doing these things . . . "

"Are you criticizing my methods?"

"Yes! At first they didn't take you seriously – good! Then they began to be frightened – good! They kept their opinions to themselves – good! They stopped joining clubs – good! They informed on their friends – good! But

you went on and on and on. Now they're beginning to ask themselves – am I next? They're beginning to grumble. The opposition is growing. Think. Where will it lead to?"

"After my next hearings they won't dare open their mouths!"

"You cannot go on this way."

"I can and I will! When I started I said that I wouldn't rest until I had fixed the responsibility for thousands of years of treason. At my next investigation I will finally do so. I have never been convinced that the Gatekeeper was completely responsible. Certain personal investigations I've made, have led me to the inescapable conclusion that he is protecting someone higher up. Oates, you will issue the subpœna immediately!"

"For whom?" asked Oates.

"Who do you think? The Chief!"

In the hearing room the Investigator rose from his seat at the desk on the dais. He had to shout to make himself heard above the frightened protests of the other members of the committee.

"I AM the chairman of this committee! I will decide who is to be investigated!"

"But you should have consulted the members of the committee," Torquemada objected, "before proceeding to . . ."

"The subpœna has already been issued."

"You must quash it!" Jeffreys shouted.

"There is no point in further discussion."

"There is still time," Oates said, "to quash . . ."

"The subpœna will not be quashed!"

There was a sudden silence.

"The Chief is coming," Oates said in a frightened whisper. "Quickly, before it is too late."

"No!"

"Cancel the hearing!"

"No!"

"We dare not do this!"

"No! No! No!" the Investigator shouted. "The subpœna stands!"

"This is madness!"

"You cannot investigate the Chief!"

"You've gone too far!"

"There is no one so high as to be immune from investigation, where there is the slightest . . . "

"But the Chief is the supreme power!"

"There is no greater Power!"

The Investigator's voice rose piercingly. "This committee is a greater Power! *I* am a greater Power!"

"But He is the Chief!"

"No! I am the Chief!" the Investigator screamed hysterically. "I am the Chief; I am the Chief; I am the . . . "

* * *

"I am the Chief! I am the Chief!"

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Martin," the Gatekeeper said pleasantly. "Lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Beautiful. Glad to see you back on the job, sir."

"Thank you, Martin. It's good to be back. Well, it's all over and done with," the Gatekeeper said briskly. "Now we've got to look ahead. We're going to have our work cut out for us. All these people to be relocated. Oh dear, when I think of the paper work alone . . ." He sighed. "Well, we might as well get down to it. Martin, I have an interesting assignment for you. I think you're going to enjoy it."

"A relocation?"

"No . . . a deportation."

"I see."

"Here is the file . . . and let us hope this is the last deportation we'll ever have."

* * *

"This way – come along now,"

Martin said to the Investigator. His voice was gentle.

"I am the Chief . . . the Chief . . . answer the questions . . . point of order . . ." the Investigator said, repeating the words over and over in a monotone. "I am the Chief . . . treason . . . that's a simple question . . . just answer yes or no . . . I am the Chief."

"Just follow me," said Martin, "take it easy, that's right . . . this way now, come along . . . just a little farther . . ."

"I am the Chief." The words ran together incoherently. "Up here – deported – point of order – Down There – article 2b Section 48 – I am the Chief – point of order . . ."

"Come along – just a little way – we're almost there."

"Ah, Inspector," the smooth Voice greeted Martin unexpectedly. "I've been waiting for you and your charge. Ordinarily I leave these matters to my staff. But in this case I thought it would be wiser to handle it personally."

"I am the Chief – point of order –

Mr. Chairman," the Investigator continued without a stop while Martin read from a document.

"Pursuant to Section 28a Article 4b Paragraph 2, of the Internal Security regulations," he spoke rapidly, "I now hand over to you rejected applicant No. 578293B021. That is all."

"Not quite, Inspector." The smoothness was gone from the Voice now. "I must inform you that I refuse entry to the applicant!"

"You refuse? But you can't refuse!"

"I can and I do refuse. I have certain rights, too, you know." Then, with a laugh, he added, "You must give me my due, as the saying goes."

"I am the Chief . . . the Chief . . ."

"But you've never refused before."

"That is true. In the past I have invariably prepared a warm welcome for rejected applicants – a very warm welcome." The Voice hardened with anger. "But I will not have *him* set foot on my territory. That is final. He's caused me enough trouble."

"I'm the Chief – point of order . . ."

"But I can't go back with him. What am I going to do?"

". . . answer the question . . . yes or no . . ."

"The problem can be solved easily enough. You're new in the Service I understand. You may not be as familiar with your regulations as I am. May I suggest you look up Article 35c Paragraph 4a?"

"Article 35c Paragraph 4a?"

"That's right."

"Here it is." Martin read aloud from the book of regulations: "In the event that rejected applicant is refused entry Down There, after deportation, the Inspector in charge is required to return said applicant to his place of origin at the point where applicant first crossed the border."

"Exactly. It has never been put into effect before, but quite legal, I assure you."

"Yes, that seems to be the law all right."

"I'm the Chief . . . the Chief . . . answer the question . . ."

"All right, come along," Martin said wearily. "We've got a long trip ahead of us."

"IT'S incredible, Doctor. Fantastic."

"I agree, but those are the facts, Mr. Garson."

"The authorities are certain he was the only survivor?"

"No doubt about it."

"Amazing . . . and there isn't a scratch on him?"

"No, he's perfectly all right . . . that is . . ." the doctor hesitated.

"What do you mean?"

"Are you a close friend, Mr. Garson?"

"Yes, I am. That's why I flew out here as soon as I got the news. At the same time, there are certain political considerations . . ."

"I think you ought to know, Mr. Garson, that the crash seems to have affected his mind."

"Well, after all, the shock . . . "

"It's a little more complicated than that, I'm afraid. He keeps babbling about being the Chief . . . and something about 'no one being too high' and phrases like 'up here' and 'down there' – completely irrational."

"But he isn't violent?"

"Oh no – quite docile."

"This condition is temporary?"

"It's hard to say at the moment."

"Well at least his life was spared."

"I can't understand it."

"Well, he must have been thrown clear of the plane when it hit the ground. The others were trapped inside."

"Mr. Garson, the plane crashed on top of a mountain, thousands of feet high. Yet he was found wandering about at the *foot* of the mountain."

"What of it?"

"The authorities here say it's absolutely impossible for any human being

to get down that mountain in the dark by himself."

"We know he did."

"But how? I can't think of any explanation. Can you, Mr. Garson?"

"It was an act of God, Doctor . . . an act of God!"